

A Pleasant BATTLE

Between

Two Lap Dogs

OF THE

Utopian Court.

O R,

A Dialogue between Sleep and Awake, Jest and Earnest, Reality and Fancy: Being fought upon the new erected *D O G - P I T*, lately contrived purposely upon this Occasion as afore said in the Anti-Chamber of the said Court, where it was fought with great Applause, Satisfaction and Content of the Company there present: But by Reason of the Authors Drowzy Disposition, being late at Night, and he inclin'd to sleep: He would crave your favorable Censures of this his Pains; and judg of them as you find Occasion.

Enter Two Lap-Dogs, Tutty and Snap-short.

Reader,

WISE Æsop thought it no Mistake
To make brute Beasts, as well as men to speak:
Why may not I, like him, in harmless Rhymes,
Bring Brutes to speak against the brutish times?
When Sin swells high, it needs a sharp Correction:
Ile give you here a brief yet full Collection,
By such a Catalogue of nasty Sin,
As Sodom almost loath'd to wallow in:
First, I present Two Lap-dogs on the Stage,
Who strike the hidden Vices of the Age,
With so much Vigour, as it will surprize
Your Senses all, your hearts, your ears, your eyes:
The English Lap-dog here do's first begin
The Vindication of his Lady Gw--
The other much more Frenchified, ah last,
Shews what his Lady is, not what she was.
From Words they rise to Blows, as people say,
Occasioned a sharp and bloody Fray,
The Ladies looking on, each back'd her Cur,
Until they made such a foul filthy stir,
As set all in an Uproar: this was Sport
Did highly please the grand Utopian Court:
The Battle being ended I awoke,
And all the Vision vanish'd into Smoke.

Tutty.

A

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A Pleasant BATTLE

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Tutty:

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HOW now *Snap-short*, What out of your Ladys Lodgings at this time o'th Night? I'll teach the best French Cur of you all to come as a SPY into our Quarters at this unseasonable hour: What do you think your *LADY* is able to protect you *ad secula seculorum*? No, Sir, so long as I have an English Tooth in my Head they shall make bold to salute your French Ears, and in as rugged a manner as ever *Don Quixot* handled the Windmills: and so have at you --

Snap-short.

How now *Tutty*, Meddle with me, if you dare; I protest if you do, I will cry out TREASON! What assault me in Court? Be gar me see your English Love and Affection: but what have you to say to me, speak your mind, for, if it comes to blows, We have French enough to Eate you.

Tutty.

Eat me, you French Scundrel! Sirrah, you are a French pocky Rascal: and, tell your Lady from me, She is no better than the Devil can make her: before I would be a Dog to such a piece of monstrous Ingratitude, I protest, *Snap-short*, I would cut my own head off. My Lady is a good Common-wealths woman: Yours cares not if she be ruin'd to buoy her up amongst those troublesome Seas of Distraction which are raised to involve us in ruin: and indeed Ruine and she are so near a-Kin, that she is out of her Element unless she be there.

Snap-short.

Come, *Tutty*, neither you, nor any of that Ladys Retinue durst affront me after this manner, were not my Lady a French Lady and a Romanist: But she may live, and I too, to see your Ladys Tail set up an end once more upon a Dung-hill.

Tutty.

You French Scundrel, inconsiderable, pregmatical, rustical, diabolical, musty, rusty, rusty Puppy: You see my Lady's Tail set up as formerly? Sirrah, I would have you know, had it not been more out of my Ladys Intercession than out of respect to your Ladys Deferts, the grievance of the Nation had long agoe been Exposed to publick View.

Snap-short.

Come, *Tutty*, I see you can Bark, but dare not Bite, I am sure my Lady has Charms sufficient left her to controul another gus Kingdom than such as we are, a parcel of purty inconsiderable Lap-dogs, who dare hardly bark, but the whole world is ready to go together by the Ears. Such is the wretched condition of these miserable times.

Tutty.

And such is the Condition of these miserable times (as you call them) is still like to continue so long as your Mistress is suffered thus to reign in her Roguery, were she more modest, it would never grumble in my gizzard, but being so peremptory, vexes every vein of my heart. But Murder will out at last: Come, *Snap-short*, My Lady never yet to make her own private Gains endeavored the Ruine of the Nation.

Snap-short.

And prethee, *Tutty*, who did? For you seem to reflect upon my Lady: but for all your English brave Alls and Braggacio Tricks, you shall never make me believe your Lady exceeds mine in point of Honour. A Lady undo a Nation? This I dare boldly say; If she undo a Nation, Its only to advance another: And this Brother *Tutty* holds good with the Scripture too, why was *Joseph* sent into *Aegypt*, but to help his Brethren in time of Dearth.

Tutty.

In time of Dearth, *Snap-short*, let me tell you without offence, Your Lady is one of *Pharaoh's* lean Kine, she has almost devour'd a Kingdom: and yet her starv'd Carcass would get a sick man an Appetite to look upon it: for she looks so ill favoured by sharp Countenance, that I protest when I saw her last; I would have given one of my Legs to have sav'd my Body; for she look'd so hungry, as if she would have Chopt me up at one mouthful: However I am more afraid of her than you: I am apt to believe, you cannot swallow a Kingdom, nor me neither, so soon as she can: and, if I be not Mis-inform'd, she can make Guinny-Pies as well as any Lady in *Eng-land*, though it be a French Receipt: And, let me tell you, That theres no Frenchman of them all; of any Repute, at Court, but has tasted the sweet favor of English Gold, which I pray God may be dissolv'd in a real Vengeance Paffy.

Snap-short.

Come, *Tutty*, you are a Rascal to abuse a Lady whom you know was, not long agoe

one of the *Primum Mobile's* of the Kingdom, however, Me-thinks 'tis strange, your open-arse Lady, who came lately from selling ripe Oranges and Lemmons about the streets, and now being advanc'd to a R Bed, should be so forgetful of her former Mechanick Condition, as to kick up her wanton heels against a person whose Extraction is so high, That it would puzzle a good Poet, nay a good Herald to give an absolute Description of her Pedigree, derived from these Three Remarkable Judges of Hell, *Ezechus, Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*.

Tutty.

And truly *Snap-short*, I wish her no other harm than barely this, seeing you have so liberally described her Pedigree, That she might be immediately sent to her Relations: I am confident my Lady will bare a considerable share of her Charges and accompany her part of the way: but she has other Business than to go too far on the Road: Besides she has more Discretion than to go to the utmost Stage, meerly for this Reason, lest having but small Acquaintance, and being much more short of Money than your French Lady, she should be left in the Lurch, and Pawn'd to *Lucifer* as a Pledg for your Mistress's Honesty, which she cannot truly justify.

Snap-short.

Ha, *Tutty*, now you and I pifs both in a Quill, I confess. I dare no more vindicate my Ladies Honesty than you dare your Ladies: For, this I believe, My Ladie's a Whore of the greater Magnitude: And, in spite of your Teeth, will carry a greater Lustre than any English Lady whatsoever: Though in your own Court, if French Dogs, Ladies and Catholiques be not sufficient to put you all to a Non-plus: I will never bark in the praise of *France* more.

Tutty.

Come, you French Scoundrel, have at you tooth and nail, before I will see my Lady abused, or any of your Faction's Tribe thus to reign in your Roguery: I will make no more to cut your Catholiques Throat and spill your wolfish blood, than you did in Queen *Marie's* daies to burn us: your French Dogs, Ladies and Catholicks have more Command at Court? Give me leave to tell you, you lye, if you deny it: And if any thing raise my Ladyes Fortune; Let me tell you, 'tis, her being a Protestant, who shall be protected, when your French Romish Bitch shall be pull'd Limb from Limb without starving her, as her Predecessor *Jane Shore* was starv'd not many Ages before.

Snap-short.

Come *Tutty*, my French Lady will find favour, when your English Madam will be glad to return to her old Function, it is not 10000*l. per annum* will last your Lady *ad infinitum*, my Lady has taken the wisest course, who has Transported forty times, the sum, and intends to follow it soon after her self.

Tutty.

And good riddance of her by my Troth, when the salt Bitches leave the Kingdom, its more than probable the Romish Woolf-Doggs will follow them, and then what a happy Kingdom shall we have, let the whole World judge; but I am apt to believe, my Antagonist *Snap-short*, that your Lady rather makes provision for the Entertainment of her French Monarch, than for her Departure: yet let me tell you, let him come when he will, I will for once hazard my Life like the Old *Roman Geese*, rather than betray the Capital for I am resolv'd to Bark Louder, than ever they squeal'd, and if possible will prevent those hidden Mischiefs though they lay them as deep as Hell, I have a quick Nose for scent, and as sharp claws, as the best of them all, then do what you dare for I Vow by the Honour of my Lady, I will Ruine you sooner or later.

Snap-short.

Ha, good *Tutty*, rather than my Lady should be ruined, I will perswade her to turn Protestant too, I am confident she will do any thing to serve her own Interest.

Tutty.

But *Snap-short* let me tell you that a French Whore will never make a good Protestant Lady, for if she should turn Protestant, and make a Whore of Religion, as she has of her Body, the whole World would set a mark upon her for a notorious Murderer both of Religion, Honesty and common Reason, and when she comes into *France*, her own Native Country, she must expect to be pelted like an Owl in an Ivy-Bush.

Snap-short.

But *Tutty* you mistake the Case, my Lady has an Absolution and Dispensation from his Holiness for all her Villanies that either are or may be committed during her life, though she should live to the Age of *Methuselah*, it seems you have called me inconsiderable Cur, but I wish you had but a Gizard long enough to apprehend my Ladies Designs; you mistake the Case, if you imagine she came out barely to be a Whore; in short, she came for a Spy to betray both Kingdoms Interest. Do you not remember *Alexander* the Great had a brace of notorious Whores, sent over purposely upon the like occasion; but he had so many Cuts in his Brains, not only to perceive the Intreague, but likewise a timely prevention to avoid the same.

Tutty.

Tutty.

Say you so, *Snapshot*, I am infinitely glad you have so ingeniously unravelled your Ladies Design, which I hope to make such use of, as to send your Lady with a Flea in her ear into her own Countrey; this is no more than has been formerly supposed; nay confirmed by several true Reports, but seeing you have owned your Ladies Intentions and Designs, upon which she was sent over; for as sure as my Name is *Tutty*, and by the vertue of my Protestant Mistress, I am not only resolved to bark, but bite; and if my Tongue can do no feats, my Teeth shall; though I am but a little whistling Curr, I would have you know I am not afraid to take the best French Bitch of you all by the Throat; and so, *Snapshot*, stand on your Guard, for I vow I will be at you.

Snapshot.

Come *Tutty*, since you are so Chollerick, I'll strip me of my Crucifix, and begin as soon as you will, lett's shake hands, and so have at you.

Tutty.

Come down, there, now you are stript. Curr, ur, rrr, urr, urr, urrr, urrr; The Dogs begin to engage, the Company speaks.

D. of P.

Pray Madam give my Dog fair Play, I protest you hinder him with your Petticoats, he cannot fasten; Madam fair Play is fair Play.

Madam G.

Truly Madam I thought I knew as well what belonged to Dog-fighting as your Ladyship, but since you pretend to instruct me in your French Dog play, Pray Madam stand a little further, as you respect your own Flesh, for my little Dog is mettled to the Back; and smells a Popish Miss at a far greater distance; Pray Madam take warning, for you stand on dangerous ground: Haloo, haloo, haloo, ha brave Tutty, ha brave Snapshot; a Guinny on Tutty, two to one on Tutty; Done, quoth Monsieur; Begar, Pox take te begar, me have Lost near Thousand Pound.

Tutty it seems beat *Snapshot*, and the Bell
Tutty bears home in Victory: Farewell.

